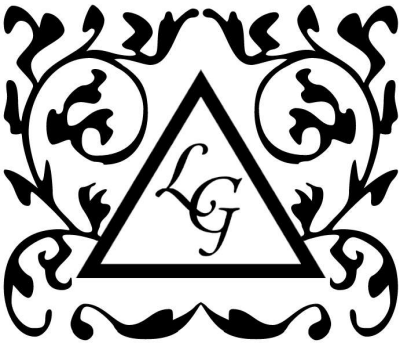
THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume V

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
Goofiíst Associates.
Volume V.

Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

MM. XX. IV.

CAPITVLORVM OMNIVM QVAE IN HOC OPERE CONTINENTVR ELENCHVS.

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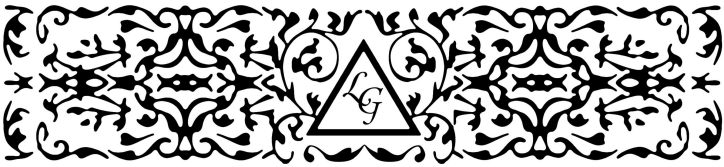

YOU RAN OUT OF IDEAS

WHY DID YOU DO THIS, WE HAVE A DE-
adline, man. People depend on us, yeah, like
the heroin I purchase for you. You used
it all today? How are you even
alive? [Not]Written by You.

Do you see what you did? Yes, *you.* There should be insightful text here, maybe even informative text, what is there instead? *Nothing,* nothing of value, nothing of substance, only a phantasm of what ought to be there, by which it is meant *here.* You really screwed up with this one, man. Fumbled, I'd say mismanaged also, but there is nothing to be mismanaged. Some say that nature
abhors a vacuum, but no man, nature abhors
you, and only you, you lazy
negligent idiot.

THE ILLICIT FORM.

BEING AN ELUCIDATIVE POEM OF MODER-
-ate length, concerning several daürk and
occulted materials. By Sn. Sherm.

O, what's the *next thing*
This nigga gonna ſteal from me?
When he gonna make my hand fumble,
And let my well-earned goūld
Slip into the gutter?
When he gonna enfeeble my mind,
My soul, my nerves!
So that even this fear passes me by? Shieeet...
Guttah-God Galaxy! Guttah-God world!
Guttah-God uni-verse!—Help me!
What will the idiot ſteal from me this time?
Ooo! Put the pain away! The pain away put!
Let me breathe for a moment dawg,
Let me ſhuck my fucking corn,—that's right!
Utter ruination, utter abyss, profound depths...
I keep having nightmares, but the people in them not real,
I keep seeing horrible lights, but where the perfume?
Where the celeſtial vision, with the big dipper ſtar?
This is a petition now, this is a formal complaint!
But the scribe of the Lord has rejected me...
I been waiting in line with all these monſtrous creatures!
Shit ſtarting to get scary man,—ha-ha! [&c.]

NIHIL IN HAC
PAGINA.

AESTHETIC REAL™ISM.

NO NOT THAT, THE OTHER ONE. BY ORDER of contribution: The Prophet L'Goof, Sn. Arsutumus, Sn. SAP, and several unpaid research assistants.[a]

The good is the true, and the true is the good, says an ignorant man whose life is ruled by the dark principalities of supernal shapes. But what about the real?™ Many practicalists have pondered the use of art as artifice for the purposes of engendering desired outcomes.[1] This is signified in many famous example such as the *mixolydian-homosexual*[2] *conjecture, social real™ism, social ist real™ism*, and many others. Some of these may be termed "objective art" insofar as they are capable of reliably communicating a specific effect at profitable values of probability.[3] However they all fail in terms of the *union* of art and real™ity, for that is precisely the issue, if one must attempt to unify,—one has already failed at the project of true real™ism.

Erich Bernhard Gustav Weinert, whose attempt to peg the value of musicality to machinery is indeed commendable, with the drums famously imitating the sound of trains,[4] but still falls short of the potential for a truly *ontic* aesthesis. And given the *true definition,* we may also say that, there have, nonetheless, been many great real™ists:

a. *This very work was composed in one of their mothers' houses, which we forced him to allows us into. Yeah that's it, that's what happened.*

1. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Engineers_of_the_human_soul*

2. *Πολιτεία.*

3. *P.D. Ouspensky, In Search of the Miraculous, Chapter I, Objective and Subjective Art.*

4. *Yes, listen to it again.*

Jesus Christ, Johann Kaspar Schmidt, Muhammad,[5] and several others, too real™ to mention, for they would manifest in my locality, and I know that shit isn't real,™ but it happened. [Explain that, musicians.]

Taking a photograph—for example—does not capture real™ity, it captures a literal frame of what, at that point, we cannot even refer to as "real™ity." It also goes without saying that photographs can and have been staged and doctored throughout the ages.[6]

It is well known that the "real™er" something becomes in *appearance,* its ontic value becomes exponentially more questionable, inducing various paranoid episodes in those of weak constitution.[7] It should be clear from this that the "real™ism" being spoken of here has nothing to do with what are essentially cleverly designed simulacra.[8] It is the way that both the prohibition and generation of art puts us closer to real™ity in a holistic way, in a manner of direct perception, unclouded by the myriad of poisons which prevent this. Or as *The Prophet* once said: "The minimum wage, the deficit,—that isn't real.™ We concerned purely with the real,™ the horns we hear in traffic, the pain we feel when the dagger of the vagrant, or bridge-person, enters our bodies because we denied him bus fare. That's real.™ The aching in my bones from a life of running from the law, that's real™ too."

Indeed, real™ art, or rather art-that-is-real,™ induces in us a state of real™ity. It is of course a great sadness that we must speak in such terms, however, there is no real™ sadness at play, the sadness one may feel at the real™ization of their deprivation from real™ity is as equally false as that which has induced it, namely the terror-machine consequence of the *Grain-Industrial Complex.* But the horror-story does not simply end there, for as a Quaded student of such things—*Fredric Jameson*—once noted: "*Aesthetic forms live and die according to how well they stage and re-*

5. *Same Person.*

6. *There exist no photographs of the supposedly famous World Trade Center Towers after anno domini M.M.I. Why dis?*

7. *April 15, 2012, Coachella Music Festival. Otherwise known as "The Incident."*

8. *Greek niggas used to do this man, they would literally make statues look fake so that they could look "real™" from certain perspectives, what the fuck man...*

solve the social and cultural anxieties of their time." What is being staged and resolves is nothing of actual real™ity, it is much like what another slightly more notorious man once said: "*It is like fighting imaginary snakes with the use of an imaginary mongoose.*" [9]

Another disturbed process, ushered into this world through the above mentioned causes,—is the belief some hold that there is in fact no real™ity to be represented. This is the fatal flaw, for again, it must be noted, if one attempts to *represent* real™ity, the project has *failed,* and only falsehoods can echo from this devil-jar one has whispered into, in the process of producing so-called "aesthetics." It becomes an utterly gilgameshian task to even find contemporary critics of aesthetics, be they alive or deceased, and in this we can see the truly daürk truth, the singular real™ity that can be extracted from this madness: That what we have described thus far is an unfortunate and necessary consequence of art itself. Thus to make art, real™ art, we must abolish art itself. Yes, in the same way killing someone would make them your slave in paradice.[10] We must work in silence, and induce real™ity, not via artifice, but real™ity itself. For any nigga that has been in a life-or-death struggle knows the taste of real™ity, the daürk flavá which raises spite and therefore —in upayic terms—consciousness.[11] But notice that what is spoken of here is merely a "taste," for even with this, we have not arrived at the proper aim of the re-real™ization of real™ity.

No, there are no "competing real™ities," there is only one.[12] Real™ity will not be defined immediately, but it is necessary that one notices—through a sort of negative-theology of aesthetics,—when exactly real™ity is diminished. When the smól are faced with the big, the diminishment of real™ity is immediate to them.[13] This is perhaps the main root cause of the generation of false-art. For being

9. *Book IV, Chapter XVIII.*

10. *408-symbol cipher, solved in August 1969.*

11. *De re Vindicativa Mentis. The First Goofiість Infranational.*

12. لَا إِلٰهَ إِلَّا ٱللَّهُ

13. *On the Nature of Soïze. By Tacitus Apoštrof.*

faced with a diminishment of ones ontic importance,—the smól subject begins naturally to weave phantastical ideas wherein they are in fact[14] big, or that their smólness is actually bigness. Soon they ejaculate these notions onto various media, such as stone, canvass, paper, and so on. And to this it must be said: *No escapism,* we not letting you talk to the Buddha. You stayiń here, with us, yeah, that's right. Even if you don't like it. The alternative is you start masturbating to cartoons or kitchen appliances.[15]

14. *I.e. In falsehood.*

15. *I seen ḍis. [You seen ḍis.]*

Let us, for the time being, focus on a specific branch of art, namely *music.* The Prophet himself—may he return to me the money he owes me—has, through his sorcerous means conjured a potent notion concerning this genus of the artistic. It is known as "Real™ Music," and will likely within this kalpa emerge to cause the re-real™ization of real™ art, at least within the boundaries of the müsiqal.

Real™ Music eschews the use of instrument, as well as the use of theory, there are no intervals, no mystical sigils dreamt up by niggas in powdered wigs, no mad dreams hallucinated by people with funny mechanical devices and such. No, only what is real.™

Real™ music is not a sort of "language," as many have attempted to describe music in this way. See, language, that's also not real,™ but the sounds I hear in my ears are real.™ This is not nihilism, this is real™-nihilism [no relation]. The banging of pipes and hammers, the sound of welding, the screams of: "Help me!" And "who are you!?" The rumbling of car engines, the far away gunshots that I will never report to the authorities. The cacophony of construction sites. This is real™ music. But just as a fish will for some reason refuse to leave water—unless it's a special kind of fish,—the listener must be baited into real™ity. You are not expected to leave your house right now, don't worry, but your "soul" will be dragged by its dulled desire for real™ness through the arrangement of

such sounds. And no, these would not be "field recordings," nigga, did I mention fields, or cows, or tractors? Now, those are real™ too, but that's not what I'm talking about. Anyway lets talk about some other things that are not real:™ A "movement." We need a movement to stop people from being fake. Now, of course you would call this "hypocrisy," but why would you do that? To me!?— Not only is you *fake,* you *EVIL.* You will be among the first to die in the real™ist jihads, yes plural. It will take many ages until all that is fake is rendered onto oblivion.

Some other fake tings: Culture, that shit not real™, revolution, [wuh?] not real™ either. Imagination... come on man, art isn't here to make you imagine shit dawg, that's what dreams are for.[16] Yes, many men in our history had "a dream," but they should not be able to talk about it, if we're keeping it real.™

16. *Roy Orbison. "In Dreams," 45 RPM single.*

Rotoscoping; if i see a nigga on screen defy gravity, I leave the theater, dis real,™ we drawing over real™ people man. Naturally this raises the question: "How do you animate someone killing themselves." Now if the actor is truly motivated and dedicated, this shouldn't be a problem. Furthermore, actors? No man we out here filming suicides and cutting it into the movie. I hear Ralph Bakshi did this in the 70s. And no, these are not "documentaries," this is real.™ You still reading? No this is not a "descent into madness," madness isn't real™, this not a "flow of consciousness," there is no consciousness,[17] no, *real™ly!* The more you read this, the real™er it becomes. What even is real™ nigga? Real™ is what I experience, now I'm not an empiricist or nothiń, but I'm a real™ist, no not a *naïve real™ist,* that shit made up, naïve in fact, I think I read it in a book, das how I know it not real.™

17. *U.G. Krishnamurti et al.*

Now, the astute viewer would say: "What is reality?" but that's not an important question right now, what's important is what *isn't* real™ity: Instruments, not real™ity,

cartoons, not real™ity. Televisions and radio, they are real,™ but they siphon the phantaſtical into your mind, and that shit ain't real,™ it's in the name. Are *you* real™ my nigga?—No,[18] but me? I *am* real.™[19] Mothafuká tells me that he "keeps it real,™" but then he looks at he phone, watches a movie! Reads a book! This not real!™ As an astute writer, I ask you ḍis, humble "real™ one," how yú be doiń ḍis? That shit fake, you're fake, and I don't mean you're lying to me, I mean you literally don't exiſt.

The more cleaver among you [?] may have noticed that the arbitration of what is real, is clearly subject to the arbitrary machinations of my mind. Now, the philosophers among you will recognize this line of thought as "rationalism."[20] Please identify these people and kill them immediately, for that shit isn't real. I'm not a philosopher nor a metaphysician,—yes that's a real word—I'm a *real™iſt*, I believe in what is real,™ and I don't entertain queſtions about how "real™" I am being about being real.™ No, that would be metaphysics, and I don't like that, I like real™physics, no not the shit they teach you in school, that shit fake. No, the other ſtuff, yeah, no that's real; not that, the other one, yes that one, you know... But do you know? Why would you be reading books ń shit, if you knew?[21] Cousin, in all likelihood, you reading a PDF right now, ḍas like, *double fake*, nigga, double-fake-plus. Now, that doesn't make it real, contrary to the lies your algebra teacher taught you. Don't liſten to your algebra teacher, she lied to you for *selfish* reasons. Unlike *me*, I lied to you for *selfleſs* reasons... no, not because I love you,—I haven't been crucified for that yet,—but because I love the only real thing there is,—*myself*. Not that there *is* a self, that shit fake, [backing vocals: *Fake!*] But my "self" *different*, *real,™* but not like *that.* Nigga, if you could see all the things that was fake, you would be blind, the falsehood would saturate you vision, your soul, [another fake con-

18. *See: The Pali Canon.*

19. *I promise.*

20. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sophiſtry*

21. *Ḍis nigga.. ḍis lil nigga readiń books!*

cept] yó mind, your bones, [fake?] but thank God, you have been gifted with sight, you can see past these nonexistent lies. No, this does not make them truths, I already warned you about yó algebra teacher and the use of negatives to make you... what you... uh.. *are,* which is a *linguist,* i.e. a fake person. Person? What is that?—A lie dreamt up by the United Nation. You don't got no "personality," you simply exist, and express certain modalities when interacting with others. Now of course, all of this is fake, not real,™ this was a test, now most test are fake, including this one, however, that was another test, maybe it was real,™ I'm not sure man, getting kindá sleepy, my migraines are really acting up, making me tired... I might be tired nigga, but at least I'm not a criminal. Now this doesn't make "laws" real,™ criminality is simply a mode of existence,[22] yes of mode of *my* existence, I *am* a criminal, but not a *real™ criminal.* I am a "real™ one" however, no, not a criminal.

Are numbers[23] real?™ Nigga, come on... what do you expect me to say at this point, are you retarded? Are you unable to notice patterns? Yes? Brüh... check this guy out, he thinks patterns are real!™ You can't read this right now, but the whole crowd laughing at you. [Crowd: *Laughing.*] Now I propose this question to you, you onto-criminal, is the "crowd" real?™ A crowd is a collection of people. Now, we've established that people could possibly be not real,™ [24] but what is of greater importance is whether *collections* [25] are real. The classical philosopher among you might identify this line of thought as "atomism," but woe is you, cause atoms ain't real.™ [26] Point 1. *Have you seen an atom?* Point 2. *You have?* Point 3. *I don't believe you...* Why are you lying to me, I'm the man who saved your life, yeah that's right, I'm lying to you now. How does it feel to be lied to? Now what if I told you that's been happening to you your entire life? Yes, the life you believe, without any

22. *Yes, like solids, liquids, gasses, corner stores.*

23. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peano_axioms*

24. *Aesthetic real™ism. Daily Darkin, Volume V.*

25. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zermelo%E2%80%93Fraenkel_set_theory*

26. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J._J._Thomson#Discovery_of_the_electron*

evidence to the contrary, that you have in fact lived.[27] Now I'm not talking about no brains or jars [nigga yú hungry?] or experience-machines, all that shit fake because it was dreamt up in fake books inside of fake men, who were written by something so horribly unreal™ that it cannot be mentioned. I shall take the moment now to mention them: Historians, historiographers, antihistamines, histologists, historiographers, histrionics, and so an and so forth... except Herodotus, he was actually on point. Have you experienced that man? He was spittiń, and I'm not using no allegories here, that shit ain't real,™ no metaphors, —literary devices are not real,—the man spat the floor, of my house, I did not clean it up, because cleanliness is a fiction,[28] and fiction, as we know, is not real.™

Anyways, I think there's a gas leak in your house. That might be fake. Hold on man, let me eat these sour-belts for a minute... mmm, yummy. What I live for man, the real™ taste of Harbio sour-belts. God bless the Haribo Corporation, they the real™ ones here.

27. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blade_Runner [What he runniń from?]*

28. *I seen yó house, nigga.*

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MM. XX. IV.

THE MUSICAL NORWOOD

SCALE. CONSISTING IN A HEPTATONIC MUSical mode, derived by the methods known to the ancients. By Atman Halal.

The so called *Hamilton–Norwood scale* represents the sort of thing that would frighten niggas such as *ʿAbd al-Wāḥid Yaḥiā René Jean-Marie-Joseph*. The continual fall into the clutches of quantity, right there on the top of your head: "*Oh Lawd! Jus̱t because you can measure the utter decimation of my hairline, does not capture its properties!*" I hear him scream from the 8th level of the inferno. Anyway, this scale scares the acausal thinker more than the fac̱t of the mapping of the human genome, or the experiments in memory transference.[1] But there is no cause for alarm, this is the return to our Pythagorean roots. No, not the funny imaginings thereof that have been poisoned by speculación and false-anticipatción. No, we talkiń the godly work of pure numbering.

Πυθαγόρας ὁ Σάμιος, ḍis nigga invented the *monochord* to aid in his quantification of music, and thus the same method has been applied towards the derivation of a musical mode from the seven primary s̱tages of male-pattern-baldness. The method involved the measure of the average length of hairline recession per each of the seven s̱tages, these numbers were then utilized in the derivation of in-

1. *https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fnsys.2013.00120*

tervals on a monochord. A most divine simplicity indeed, and a curious fact that the number seven manifests in the stages of balding, for let us consider the order-by-distance of the classical planets: Luna, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Indeed, it all ends with lugubrious and tonsured Saturn. But, dear reader, I am, how do you say? Fucking with you right now? Yanking your chain? Playing-you-for-the-fool?[2] There is no need to attempt this classical cosmic correspondence, such low-schizophrenic methods belong in the repertoire of shysters and scammers, and I'm not trying to take your dirty, *dirty* money, reader. Anyway, we should not be concerned with this right now, what is important is that a musical mode can, and has been derived from the curse of langual recession. This is what we must set our minds to,—to consider and experiment with the possible virtues of such a discoverié without prejudice and the vile priming of several unnameable jinn kings, for it is said that a sound reason is also a sounded one.

2. *Will you not applaud my honesty?*

And now, without further delay, the following represents the derived musical Norwood scale itself:

> The root, half step, half sharp, major 2nd half flat, major 2nd, major 2nd half sharp, and the major 3rd.

You may say, that this "scale" is not pleasing to the ears, but, good reader, the loss of hair is pleasing to no man yet living,[3] unless he has renounced this world. Have you renounced this world, my son?

3. *This is an open challenge.*

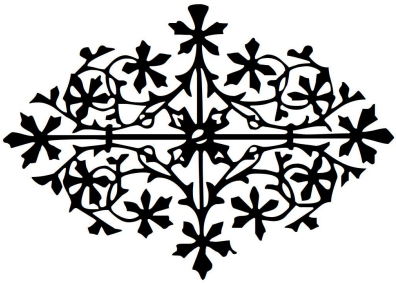
Notice also that the scale never returns to itself by reaching an octave, just as the hairline never returns to those afflicted. It is a small scale, and in that, we see that it is in fact microtonal.[4] This is yet another virtue derived from this distillación. It reveals how such small changes in quantities can affect greater ones, just as man that undergoes balding is changed not only in body, but in spirit.[5]

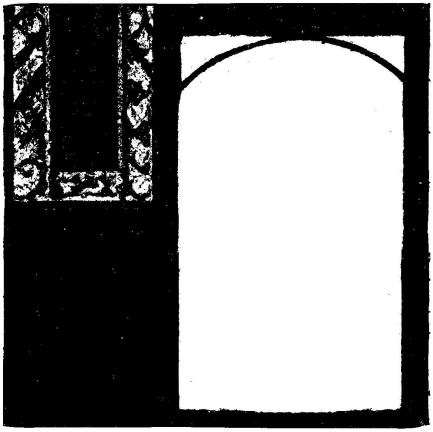
4. *Don't worry, I'm not a musician.*

5. *Yet another easily quantifiable ṭing.*

XVI. THE MUSICAL NORWOOD SCALE.

No composition will accompany this musically orientated publication, that task is left up to you. Will these vibrations cause a sympathetic resonance that destroys the health of hair follicles? We simply do not yet know. Perhaps you can derive a personalized variant of the mode by measuring your own descent into alopecia. An entire world of possibility awaits you now, plus ultra, nigēr.





THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated

Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode V.

"Sn. Rubracucullo Makes a Wise Decision."

Glenovanni Appears.

My pity grows as the visage nears,
I behold it's snout and evil ears.
From my cellar it breaks again,
This foul thing that once was man.
Were I born a woman, I would weep,
And sick regret would cost me sleep.
But for this curse you are to blame,
And so now live in darkest shame.
Now only sorrow is your muse,
For you threw that gaze at my shoes.
Yes your silence was also proof,
And in your eyes I saw the truth.
So for the crime, the sinner suffers;
I'd turn you back were we not—
Brothers.

By The Prophet. Sn. SAP
& Sn. Sherm.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING
THE COMIC-STRIP:

Who was ḍat nigga?

OPVSCVLVM DE QVADAM

RATIONE EXERCITATIONIS, SEV DE ARTE sublationis recondita. Commentarius in philosophiam Bruni et Llulli, in usum palaestrarum perutile.

Scripsit Sn. Pan Troglodytes Verus.

OMNIBUS Pan Troglodytes Verus S.P.D. Modo ex palaestra veni, et ut pollicitus sum, iterum aliquid breviter expono, itaque quaeso, ut fecistis adhuc, diligenter attendite. Bene, de quadam ratione exercitationis opusculum vobis ostendam, si placet. Eam rationem sequere possunt paene omnis, sed, mea sententia, modo pauci[1] digni sunt. Hac de causa, latine explanabo, nam modo iis licet qui possunt hanc epistolam legere,[2] scientiam istam tenere vel percipere. Magister multarum rerum haud sum, sed ut fortasse scis, si loquar de exercitatione, potior de exercitatione corporis, possitis aliquid forsitan discere.[3] Haec notio, quam mox vobis ostendam, sumpsi plusminusque ex operis Bruni et Llulli. Ut, nisi fallor, scis, Iordanus Brunus erat philosophus praelectorque, erat neoplatonicus, erat nonnumquam monachus, scriptor, et cetera, qui priusquam conbustus est, multa de imaginibus mentis scripsit, si autem velitis opera eius intel-

1. *Auct. Aliqui tamen.*

2. *Auct. Et sane intellegere.*

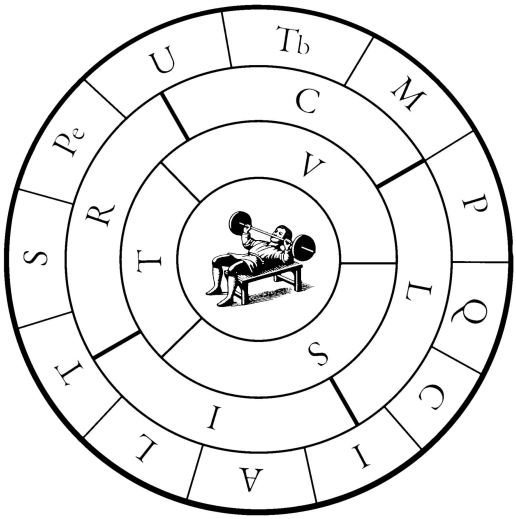
3. *Lect. Audentes deus ipse iuvat*

legere, debetis sane primum opera Llulli legere. Llullus sane quoque erat philosophus, melior autem forsitan mysticus appellatur, qui visionem angeli habuit, qui admonuit ne diutus salax esset, tum multa alia vidit, de quibus non revera hodie possimus scribere, quia tempus tam celer fugit, et multae res sunt mihi hodie agendae,[4] id est, mihi oportet versari in negotio, operisque. Sed iam ad propositum revertamur. Lullus, visione perfecto, artem suam utilissimam, excogitavit, vel si dici licet, commentus est. Iam vobis dabo, dicamus semina, huius rei[5] per quam contemplemur quaslibet exercitationes corporis, hac in exempla: *Benchpress.*[6]

4. *Lect. Reapse? Credo te mentire.*

5. *Auct. Nam hoc in loco non scribebo omnia de hac re quae scire potest, tamen vobis do alquid quod alatur, et crescat.*

6. *Auct. Quae posthac sublatio super scamnum appellam.*



Bene, videlicet habemus hac in pagina imaginem, sed non tantumodo imago est, sed etiam instrumentum. Quomodo uti possimus? Vobis explanabo. In circulo maximo, sive circulo extremo, sunt hae litterae. Non modo sunt hae litterae, litterae, ut ita dicam, nam etiam sunt hae litterae quasi signa, id est hae litterae varias res

significant. Quid significent? Sine cura sitis, vobis explanabo, si plus legatis. Si autem non plus legatis, sane non possum vobis explanare. Pausam facere velitis? Cur? Quamobrem? Pergite quaeso, cum finem inveniatis, tunc positis pausam facere et caffeam bibere et nugas agere, et quodlibet plus. Bene, progrediamur. Poni hoc in loco litteram "P," quae sibi vellet "Pedes"[7] tum hoc in loco poni litteram "Q," quae significat "Quadriceps femoris," tum "C" quae sibi vellet "Culnis" et ita porro. Sunt videlicet duodecim litterae, nam sane sunt ad sublationem super scamnum duodecim partes corporis quae magni momenti sunt.[8] Nunc autem tempus est de circulo secundo, sive medio, scribendum.

7. *Auct. Scio non potestis videre digitum meum, attamen finge in mente imaginem huius gesticulationis.* ☞

Hoc in circulo sunt etiam litterae quae varias res significant. Hic sunt "Locus", tum "Intentio" et "Rotatio", deinde "Cursus". Eadem ratio in circulo tertio sunt "Vectis" et "Scamnum" et porro "Terra." Hos circulos rotans, contemplemur omnes partes, aspectaque sublationis.

8. *Auct. Cur duodecim? Cur habebat Arthurus tantumodo duodecim Equites apud tabulam suam, sed sedes tredecim? Cur habebat Jesus discipulos duodecim? Si scis, scis. Revera sat facile est intellectu.*

Vos non autem oportet istam chartam habere. Hoc in modo agere est quasi nefas, quia ut recte agitis, in mente fingastis hanc imaginem. His autem dicits, unde digressi sumus iterum revertamur. Videri potest hanc, ut ita dicam, confirmationem. Iam lego (revera iamiam scribo, sed non est magni momenti, vos potestis intellegere me non mentiri sine causa) "Pedes," "Locus," "Scamnum," igitur contemplabor quomodo ponam pedes in terra, et ubi apud scamnum pedes ponam, et ita porro. Nonne est sat facile intellectu? Bene, bene, tum omnes circulos eadem ratio contemplatos, iterum circulos[9] rotatis, et confirmationem novum contemplemini. Hoc in modo iterum iterumque agitis usque non possis novam confirmationem facere. Illo modo, mediationem facitis ex sublatione. Curate ut valeatis.

9. *Auct. In mente sane.*

AN ADVERTISEMENT *for* JAWBREAKER.

Being the first volume of the titular magazine,
which may be located in physical format
in several places in the known world,
specifically: Iraq, Syria, Djibouti,
Somalia, and Ethiopia.
We are not joking.

Further information located here:

https://archive.org/details/Jawbreaker1

MM. XX. IV.

RUMINATIONS, OR: THE

TRUE AND FAITHFUL REPORT OF HOW THE author of this titular work escaped the clutches of death through the application of wisdom and skillful means, with advice and insight into the method and virtue necessary for evading such particular scenarios, known otherwise as "mass shootings."

By Sn. Venantius Obsequens.

Death does not come only once in a man's life, but many times. We are all changing, all mutating, and malleable to various methods, which turn our heads about.

May the Gods[1] let me write of these changes which affect men. These transformations of bodies and souls, if we are to believe in such things. One such event happened to me on the kalends of September. Thus I set about publicly writing of this transformation, and how I was transformed by my own methods. This is in order for you, the reader, if you are to find yourself in such a situation,—you may then employ these methods for your own benefit.

Deep within my study of various exoteric and esoteric subjects, I necessarily visit many academies. This event occurred at one such institution of knowledge. I was walking

1. *Plural?*

to the library, when suddenly the tranquil day was disturbed by a sound, a gunshot sounded from afar. I sought refuge within the library, ere I broke into the common form of disorganized panic. It dawned upon me at that moment. I understood then that I was ignorant and that I needed more knowledge in order to act rightly.

What is the best form of knowledge? Knowledge of God.[2] How do you get to know God? It stands to reason that you must be close to God in order to know him, so I decided to get as close to God as possible. I quickly ran to the building and scaled many stair steps until I reached the rooftop.[3] But by this time I had become flustered, I could not come to know God under such conditions as heightened cortisol or blood pressure. This was a signal that what was needed was some means of soothing my soul. So I went about procuring—from the library's faculty break room—a kettle of green tea.

From atop this ivory tower of knowledge, I oversaw the whole of the campus. From this vantage point I could see the police cars, helicopters, and the snipers which adorned the rooftops, waiting for the shooter. I did not listen to any information delivered to me by the staff of the library, for any knowledge they had was certainly imperfect to that kind of knowledge I possessed, the knowledge of the divine which I had attained on the rooftops, while those below panicked making various attempts to leave.

What is it that I had learned on the rooftop sipping my tea? Well, I learned the method which I needed in order to escape. Being closer to God made me think I was safe, I believed that no bullet would harm me on that rooftop. Even if I were shot at, the bullets would be repealed or otherwise rendered ineffective.[4] This is not a mental state of indestructibility that has been channeled by certain groups of buck-naked Liberian rebels. No, I was well aware that I could be shot. This was known to me since

2. *Singular?*

3. *Nigga, you do know what happened in Babel?*

4. *See: Allah Bullet Theory. Unpublished, uncreated, unmanifest.*

the beginning, as the final death comes to all. This also is not a statement that I had already died in another sense, that I had been transformed. Yes, I had been, but this is something understood *qua scientia aere perennius,* this is a known quantity that is neither profound, nor necessarily true.

What I understood is that myself, me—I had the higher ground, I was closer to God than the shooter. I had more power than the shooter. With calmness in my heart and the clouds closer to my head, I was in a superior position. I was closer to God than he was, he was on the ground and I was above him. I had a greater picture, and he was on the ground surrounded on all sides. The police had the higher ground, they were closer to God too. The helicopters certainly were closer, but they were not calm. They did not have peace of mind. This knowledge which transformed me, and the state which it produced can only be best compared to the peaceful countenance that engulfed the great gymnosophists: Calanus of Taxila, Zarmanochegas of Bargosa, and Ticcus Quantus Ducus Igniarius of Cattigara, as they were also engulfed in the flames of their own destruction.

ON DIFFERENTISM,

BEING AN ILLUMINATED FORM OF PRE-judice. By Sn. SAP & Bengbitong-thus-so-called.

Like, I don't hate you because you part of some clique, I hate you cause you *different.* Like, I'm a *monist,* like, *I don't believe in that shit.* Like, brüh, your *appearance* of *difference* is an offense to my *existence,* and, like, that rhymes, so it holds epistemic power. Anyway, I'm gonná leave you alone, but in 23 years time, expect some buff niggas in red executioner hoods to be at your door. Who are they? I don't know, but if you peer under their hoods you will see that they are all the same person, unlike you, there is no difference between them. Now whatever you do, do *not* modify the Hebrew letters imprinted on their forehead, you not even 40 years old dawg, you should not be hearing this right now.

Anyway, enough about Bezalelial Kabbalah. Differentism: It is the well-warranted and rationally-informed dislike of difference, at a fundamental and essential level, this the shit every old man that enter a cave acquire at some point,—a beard—but also the aforementioned, like you ain't shaving in there dawg. So about beards though, what type of shaver you use?

electric or razor? Now, I'm retarded [?] so I have been compelled by the forces of fate to use an electric one, but, like, I was thinking dawg, could I kill a nigga with this? Like imagine the headline: "MAN SHAMED TO DEATH." No, you read that wrong, it's "shaved," but it's a similar concept. Shit they used to shave niggas' beards in Muscovy to shame them. But yeah man, I don't hate you because of your race, creed, or politological affiliation, I hate you because you are *you,* [apparently] and not *me.* [Who?] Also, why these diverse modes of affiliation? I thought we were all the slaves of God, unless that book that funny man gave me,—lied to me... Man, people legit out here trying to "make a difference in the world." You hear shit like this all the time man... shit fucked up man. But yeah, here is a list of the promoters of difference, don't worry, most of them are already dead, so you will have an easier time doing... you know:

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz. [Fake natty philosopher.]
Adi Shankaracharya.
David Chalmers. [Who?]
Hermotimus of Clazomenae.
Akṣapāda Gautama. [No relation.]
Hold on... Relation? Difference, hold on...

These niggas make my blood boil and my penis soft,[1] it different now, how do I make it the same, as it was, I mean as it wasn't be!.. You see what you did lil nigga, you confused me. You know what I do to niggas that confuse me? What? Who are you? Differentism, difference, enough of that.

1. *Hemodynamically impossible... cardiologists stunned.*

JOURNAL OF ONEIRIC IN-

QUIRY. BEING THE SECOND INSTALLMENT of the scholárly journal concerned with the dreams of several diverse persons, namely: One dream by Sn. Sherm, two by The Prophet L'Goof, and one by Sn. Brigãderó.

Primum Somnium: The Prophet at the Function, by The Prophet L'Goof. Caput Primum.

Now, I had a dream where I beat a midget to death. Me, [redacted] and one of my [redacted] went to this party in L.A. And I thought to myself what I was going to do. Then I started talking to the bodybuilders in the house, shiniń on them about the virtues of organ-meats. Then, after a while, we was blooded.

Then everyone on the table got up and went to the backyard I followed cause I was now blooded. Another group of bodybuilders were on the other side of the backyard and we was squaring up over some thuggish beef.

I was now a part of this and did not think of myself as prepared. It was clear a fight was to begin, and given I was not as strong as the people in my group, I picked out the shortest motherfucker in the opposing group to go for when shit go down eventually.

The fight did begin and I sprinted across the patio and decked the midget in the jaw. Surprisingly, he got up, charged at me and kicked my in the shin. I get mad, decide to embraced my inner ape, so I picked this guy up like a rag doll, and threw him on the floor as hard as I could. Motherfucker dead.

Fighting stop, the host show up turns out he a demigod of sorts, man was so big could only see his arms the rest was in the clouds. He really upset over the fact that someone die on he premises. He call up the leader of our-nigga-tribe, point at him, and then he be struck by lightning and he die. Shit was going down, then the man point at me, he say:

> Because I was following orders, my punishment
> would be less severe. He tell me that hence forth
> I will be known as some sort of untrustworthy,
> lowly vagrant in the history books.

My pride hurting, I argue wit him, pull up the receipts, show 'em how I'm a respected hero in the other ten corners of the world. He get mad, he ask me if I was really arguing with the judge for a less severe punishment. I say: "No sir, I'd just like to be accurate to the facts. All these other places love me, If you want, we could print ten times as many historical records in this house than these other places, to drown them out, but I'm a well respected individual." The immortal host realizes the logistical impossibilities of his request, instead he bans me from entering the town ever again.

Secundum Somnium: The Police Raid, by The Prophet L'Goof. Captut. II.

There was a dream last night. A SWAT team was raiding a hippie's home, but everyone was on crack. The lead officer put his gun barrel in the hippie wife's mouth and said: "What do you know?" And "who told you?" In a state of paranoia, sweat dipping

down his brow. The interrogation was interrupted by sounds of the hippie playing with the zipper on his hoodie. They all pointed their guns at the hippie, shouting: "Why?!" In a confused tone, and the hippie (also high) said: "It's a big zipper mānnn... the *expression.*" And then I woke up.

Tertium Somnium: The Cleric, by Sn. Sherm. Captut. III.

Dis the dream: I was in some sort of office building talking to my paternal agent. He began critiquing my raggedy-ass sneakers, but I was certain that this was not so. We began loudly arguing about the virtue of these shoes, I was adamant, but somehow I knew. The scenery change, and I was witness to an intensely Arabic & bespeckled man, clearly a clerical figure. He was spittiń a lecture in some sort of mosque or Moslamic center. He spoke with absolute certainty while gesticulating: "Ya Hābibi! But our Lord is so wise that he made the excrement come out of two holes and then form into one."

I could not doubt this, I thought it was real and I began imagining how this would look like, in the guise of perhaps false memories induced by the doubtlessness of the dream-time. I saw what this scholar had just described, and it wrapped into *one,* like DNA, man. And I believed it dawg, for a straight minute I knew Allah was so wise, I knew this was true, and the I awoke.

Quartus Somnium: The Platoŋ, by Sn. Brigāderó. Captut. IV.

Had a very unusual dream involving multiple people of the I.C.G.A. It started out with me walking, holding a book, materializing out of nowhere, Mr. [Ἐξαλειφθέντα] came up to me and started saying: "Mister, Mister, why is this Chinese man calling

me gay?" He showed me an extremely low-resolution image of a [redacted] post calling him gay, and he started freaking out. He kept yelling: "I'M GAY!? I'M GAY!?" To which I responded: "No, you're not gay,—just because you're Greek doesn't make you gay."

His voice kept getting more shrill, to the point I started hitting him with a James Joyce book until he stopped. He then went extremely quiet, almost as though someone superglued his mouth shut, then an old infertile Romanian lady came out of nowhere and said: "Let's go dear," and then lead Mr. [Ἐξαλειφθέντα] away without protest.

Fast forward throughout a bunch of random occurrences, and Mr. [Ἐξαλειφθέντα] shows up with Sn. SAP and I to the Synagogue (which looked weirdly like an Orthodox church mixed with a giant Talmud.)

In the middle of reading the Bereshit Rabbah[1] out loud, an angel with a giant book written in Greek comes out of nowhere and mercs Mr. [Ἐξαλειφθέντα] for no reason. He just bashed the nearly three-thousand plus page book on his head and his brain spills out like fog from his head. Then the angel says: "Sinnerbro down! We goń send him back to the eternal fires of dá Hylic Samsara for real for real..." in the most post-millennium individual voice I've ever heard. He gives me the book, then disappears. I woke up and saw my Plato book on the bookshelf, five feet away, and knew it was about Platon.

1. *The Bereshit Rabbah.*

F I N I S.

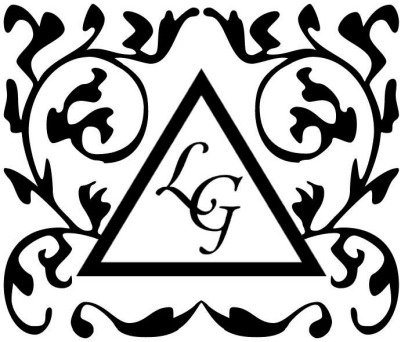
Information
about the Daily Darkin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which serve as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.— the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jestación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkin* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

may be located at the primary repository called
“The Infranational Consortium of Goofiíſt
Associates,”

hoſted on the archive.org.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.IV.